

WADCO NEWS

Volume 2

Plainville, Mass., March 25, 1921

Number 6

The Cave Man.

In early pre-historic times, the caveman lived either alone or with his mate and children. Life was primitive; he wore a skin for a suit and had a club with which to kill his enemies or food. These were about the limit of his possessions. He did not even own his cave, for the first man who came along with a bigger club and more "baccf" behind it laid him low, appropriated his cave and wife and perhaps ate caveman No. 1 for good measure.

Not an alluring life, certainly!

We suppose some rather intelligent ancestor found that a club with sharp knobs killed game and neighbors rather more readily than those with round knobs. He probab'y chewed them sharp. Then, by chance, he found that a stone would rub them to a point (the first tool.)

One development followed another and in a few ages life became complicated. Man spent less time in hunting. Some could make better arrows in less time than others, others better bows in less time than the arrow makers. So the bow makers inter-exchanged their products with the arrow makers and we had reached the point when barter and crafts made their appearance.

This exchange of products and a fear of common enemies brought people together into villages and then it became easier to exchange goods without walking miles to do so.

Some villages doubtless were located in a country where straight willows grew and the whole village became famed as arrow makers. Other villages had excellent materials near at hand for bows. They became specialists in making bows. Villages exchanged with villages, but because they were located some distance apart, a new specialist came to light—the trader, who represented the arrow makers and traded with the traders of other villages for their wares and products. Here is the first "white collar guy."

Continued on Page 3, Col. 1.

TIME LOST

Minutes Lost Per Employee
Feb. 19, Mar. 5,

	1921	1921
Mesh Room	4	5
Assembly	15	18
Gold Dept. A.	2	4
Polishing	4½	15
Coloring	5	1½
Bench	9	7½
Soldered Mesh	8	11
Unsoldered Mesh	7	10
Tool	8	6
Stamp & Press	11½	7
Maintenance	28	7
Repair	7	13
Office	0	14
Gold Dept. B.	6	14
Planning	0	3

Total Hours Lost. 92½ 101½

A CHALLENGE

Who'll challenge to out-eat
Our boss, "Bill" Sweet?
In eating fudge, candy, cake or pie,
We are sure that this cannot be
done.
We wonder, he don't die.

On Thursday last, at half past
eight,
He sighted some of Franklin's best
home-made fudge,
And until the whole ten pounds
were eaten,
From that spot he did not budge.

At nine fifty-five, you may not believe it,
He was eating a piece of cake as
big as his fist,
And a little while later he was making
quite sure
That there wasn't more candy that
he might have missed.

All afternoon long he kept the same
pace,
In fact, he does all through the year,
And that is why I've taken the
chance
Of placing this challenge in here.

Whiting & Davis

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

No doubt many of you have thought of forming an Athletic Association. It surely would be the proper move so that all forms of athletics could be run in an organized state. Are we ready for it? Ycs! Just look at what has been done this winter in athletic lines.

Remember the hockey game between the Tool Room and the Office that took over an hour extra time to settle.

Over three hundred attended the first basket-ball game in Lafayette Hall, where they enjoyed a good game, filled with sensations, and good dancing afterwards. This game brought out our talent so that a game was played with the strong R. F. Simmons team of Attleboro. This game resulted in a win for our boys, who clearly outclassed the other team.

Also this winter there have been numberless bowling matches between different departments and different selected teams. The Planning Department claims the championship.

Not only have the men become interested in bowling, but also the girls, who have formed four teams that have showed fine ability. We have heard that down at the Middleboro branch a bowling team has been formed, so interested have they become. Let's have a league next winter and run a tournament.

The interest of the employees has not been confined to the physical kind of contest, but those games of mental exercise, checkers, chess, whist, etc., have been well kept up. There has been a "Chess-Nut" club formed that meets weekly and has a membership of eight nuts.

The athletic field will be ready in the early summer and our baseball team will be out at work.

The W. & D. Tennis Club have put their courts in good shape and these courts are open to all who will use them rightly.

Continued on Page 3, Col. 1.

Wadco News

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY
by the Employees of Whiting & Davis
Company, Plainville, Mass.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

J. O. Gagnon, *Chairman*
W. M. Fuller Lee Higgins F. Gaddes
O. Soderstrom H. B. Rowan

EDITOR . . . C. H. PEASLEY
ASST. EDITOR, CATHERINE KENNEDY

COMMERCIAL PRESS-PRINTERS

EDITORIALS

THE GENTLE ART OF SMILING

Don't grin, my brother, smile! Many a person goes about with a grin handy for quick use, thinking others will believe that he has a fine article of smiling.

Watch that person always.

Maybe you think there is no difference between a smile and a grin. If you do so think, you are woefully mistaken. Why, my friend, there is as much difference between them as there is between the God-given sunshine and the man-made electric light.

Smiles come from the heart and are the reflection of a kindly nature interested in your affairs and you, while a grin comes from the brain and is the product of a selfish mind, desirous of creating an impression of interest in you.

Smiles radiate throughout every fiber, twinkle in the eyes, crinkle up the face with beaming joy, add pressure to the handclasp and heartiness to the voice of greeting.

A grin fixes itself on the face as a mask, deepens the wrinkles into rigid lines and has no support from the eyes, voice or hand.

A smile never deceives, because it has no deceit. It wins its kingdom over fellowship and is a blessing to him who smiles and to him who is smiled upon.

Smiles—the longest word in the language, a mile from end to end, and the entire distance a joyous journey!

Smiles, prolific beyond compare! One smile begets another, that one another still, and on and on.

So, my brother, Smile, don't grin!
—Selected.

The Meaning of Success

Success means aspiration one-fourth, inspiration one-fourth, perspiration one-half.

You must pay for what you get. There is no chance to sneak into the big bank of success by the side door without paying your admission.

Right here is where the gimlet-headed youth, with the wishbone instead of a backbone, makes his mistake.

He has aspiration, but not perspiration; he is looking for a snap. He wants to dodge work.

His eye is on a big salary and his heart on short hours.

There never was, and never will be, a really successful man whose objective was a big salary and little work.

The fact is, it is the extra hard work that gets the big salary.

Work is a young man's friend. Work never hurt a man, but it is the improper care of one's self, when not working, that hurts.

You can't burn the candle of pleasure night after night, and keep a good grip on yourself in the daytime.

Work makes the time pass quickly. Work is adding to your great asset—experience.

Perspiration brings the inspiration that your aspiration hopes for.

Work inspires. Loafing tires.

The real work is the machine; the fundamental parts of the job are experience, time and work.

If you want your boss to be fair to you, be fair to him.

Many a youth says the boss is unfair and holds him down. Before we believe this we want to hear what the boss has to say on the subject.

The boss has his eye on his employees. Don't forget that he knows who is who.

He knows the four-flusher from the producer. He is studying your case while you are complaining you are held down.

Just keep on hustling. Do your level best. Make your work count. Get more experience. Help the other fellow in your spare moments. Be prepared.—The Dominion.

MIDDLEBORO NEWS

To Whom It May Concern

Here's a riddle I will ask you
You can solve it if you choose;
Why doesn't Mr. Fuller
Send us down our "Wadeo News"?

He waits until we are weary,
Until the news is old and stale,
Until all my high ambition
For writing, seems to fail.

But perhaps it's Mr. Skinner
On whom we should bestow,
The "complimentary" epithets
That from our lips do flow.

We lately have not seen him
For he now comes "in the night",
Is it a guilty conscience
Which keeps him from our sight?

Or, if Mr. Peasley curses
Those "miserable" delays,
We will tell you confidently
He'll have to mend his ways.

It does not matter who it is,
We merely wish to say
That we would much appreciate
The papers right away.

—H. E. G.

LOOK PLEASANT

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,

And it's hard for us all to be good.
We are sure now and then to be lonely.

And we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy.
To be cheerful is much harder still.

But at least we can always be pleasant

If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly.
Although you feel worried and blue,

If you smile at the world and look cheerful

The world will soon smile back at you.

So try to brace up and look pleasant.

No matter how low you are down,
Good humor is always contagious.
But you banish your friends when you frown.

Continued from Page 1, Col. 3.

Practically every kind of athletics is represented in our factory.

Let's organize and form an association known as the W. & D. Athletic Association, to look after all our sports and bring out the best that is in us.

The first step should be a mass meeting of the employees to see how we stand and to form any association that we wish. Be ready for the notice and all interested in the betterment of athletic sports in our factory be present and lend your aid.

THE CAVE MAN

Continued from Page 1, Col. 1.

Things probably got pretty thick for him. He had trouble remembering whether "Dog-Face" or "Red-Wolf" had given him the six or nine arrows to trade. Of course, both claimed nine and friend "trader" either had to break both their heads or lose their arrows on his trade. So he got a little fellow with a good high forehead and the little chap marked up the score of arrows "Red-Wolf" and "Dog-Face" made for the trader on a piece of bark with a sharp stone and he is our first piece work counter and accountant.

What's in a Name?

I knew a man named Early
And he was always late,
And Joy was always surly
And Love was full of hate,
And Brown he was the greenest
Of men I ever knew,
And Good he was the meanest,
And White was always blue.

And Stout was lean and lanky,
And Short was rather tall,
And Merryman, the cranky,
And the sourest man of all.
The sickest man was Weller
And the healthiest was Payne—
Why, to try to tell a feller
By his title is in vain.

There's a little lesson in it,
Which is why I tell the yarn;
You can see it in a minute—
It's as big as any barn—
Name is not an indication
You will get so very far—
No, your final reputation
All depends on what you are.

THE PAY ENVELOPE

Is it all in the envelope holding
your pay?
Is that all you're working for day
after day?
Are you getting no more from your
toil than the gold
That will enclosure of paper hold?
Is that all you're after; is that all
you seek?
Does that close the deal at the end
of the week?
Is it all in the envelope holding his
pay?
Is that all you offer him day after
day?
Is that all he wins by his labor
from you?
Is that the reward for the best he
can do?
Would you say of your men, when
the week has been turned
That all they've received is the
money they've earned?
Is it all in the envelope, workmen
and chief?
Then loyalty's days must be fleet-
ing and brief;
If you measure your work by its
value in gold
The sum of your worth by your pay
shall be told;
And if something of friendship your
men do not find
Outside of their envelopes, you're
the wrong kind.
If all that you offer is silver and
gold,
You haven't a man in your plant
you can hold.
If all that you're after each week is
your pay,
You are doing your work in a short-
sighted way;
For the bigger rewards it is useless
to hope
If you never can see past the pay
envelope.

—Edgar A. Guest.

SPORTS

Frank Brown, Editor.

The basket-ball game between the R. F. Simmons team and our boys was the important event since our last issue. The thought struck our boys before the contest that they would be walloped in bad shape, but after they got going there was nothing to it. It was like candy from a kid, and the final score was 19 to 11.

Between the halves, the much-talked-of Kiddie Kar contest was played, which was a novelty and was the cause of great amusement. The cold feet displayed by the supposed Captains, Brown and Higgins, who failed to appear, did not make any difference.

The basket-ball teams were made up as follows:

Simmons: Wilber, Miller, Bloomenthal, Carpenter, Burgess.

W. & D.: Fulton, Couter, Meegan, Rice, Mayshaw.

Kiddie Kar Teams:

Garlicks: Crotty, Manchester, Gallant.

Celtics: Kenyon, McDonald, Labrie.

We have started on the Athletic Field and expect it will be in condition to use in the early summer. When finished it will be one of the best baseball fields that time and money can complete.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

A dapper young man stepped into a drug store downtown the other day, and going up to the soda fountain asked the clerk for "a coffee and milk."

The soda clerk in a very short time had the drink ready. The dapper young man threw out a ten-cent piece in payment of his drink and proceeded to gulp down the contents of the glass. Suddenly he stopped drinking and looking into the glass where a fly was calmly reposing. "I say, young fellow," he exclaimed, "what do you mean by serving me a fly with this drink?" "Well, what on earth do you expect for ten cents," replied the clerk, "humming birds?"

To Vange!

Listen, my friends, and I will tell
Of a little girl I love so well;
She's got dark hair and eyes of brown
And on her face is ne'er a frown.

She sits beside me all day long
And sings to me some cheery song.
She also tells me of her home
She used to have before she roamed.

She tells me of her happiness
And how she's roamed from East to West.

At last her heart is now content,
Tapering bags to pay her rent.



CAUGHT IN THE MESH



SOLDERED MESH.

We wonder why Rose B. blushes so prettily when anyone mentions Leon M.'s name to her.

Why does Lena like the song, "Go Slow and Easy?"

We hear that Bill K. is looking forward to an invitation to try Helen's new piano. How about inviting us over, Helen?

With two saints and an angel on the cutting bench, Heaven doesn't seem so very far away. But then, Doris often acts like Satan.

Some girls like to ride in automobiles while others prefer a motorcycle, but Gene and Tina are satisfied to go Kiddie Kar riding this summer.

Some things hard to imagine among the soldered mesh girls:
Celina not "making eyes".
Jessie "making eyes".
Hattie "chewing gum".
Mary without that "sleepy look".
Florence W. without her powder-puff.

Clara doing the "shimmy".
Katie working slow.
Dora without Katie.
Tina looking sad.
Helen with a pet mouse.
Rosie not teasing Helen.

In the year 1163 the men wore union suits of No. 1 steel mesh under their cast iron mackinaws. "A woolen shirt may itch", but, Oh, Boy!

It would be advisable to keep Mac away from the Repair Department. He saw a fine looking girl over there last week.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

"Say, Gene, will you buy us some apples when you go over to the post-office?"

"Oh! sure! You know that I just love to do such errands for you folks, how many will you have?"
Yes, he does???

TOOL ROOM

Hairites is the disease
That's broken into our place,
Married men have taken it
In every solitary case.

Fred Jaques had the first outbreak.
It shows upon his chin.
On Stefani's upper lip
Hair's showing through the skin.

Chronic cases we have some,
There is Silvia, Clampitt and Nash.
It's a wonder they wouldn't open their hearts
And give Joe Jette some of their cash.

George Whiting has the worst case yet.

He says his lips are sore,
If the hair keeps growing at the present rate,
In fifty years it may touch the floor.

MR. MORGAN TAKES FIRE-MAN'S EXAMINATION

Examiner: "What is wind?"
Morgan: "Air in a hurry."
Examiner: "What is steam?"
Morgan: "Water gone crazy with the heat."
Examiner: "You p-ass."

If the boys who played in the Kiddie Kar game wish to sell their cars, ask Marguerite McGerry and Doris Simmons. They could save shoe leather on their walk from North Attleboro.

Tessie's favorite song is, "Why didn't you leave me years ago instead of leaving me now?"

Did you notice the lady trying to sit on Mr. Pfeiffer's knees the other night? Wouldn't it have been terrible if she had injured his daily escort, an umbrella?

Harvey Lanphier must appreciate his wife's baking, as he has a home-made cookie for recess every day. How do they taste, Harvey?

I notice they are making the mesh so well now that they catch nothing in it.

They evidently caught the writer of the above lines.

Evelyn and Margaret get along very well until the question of religion starts, then one would wish to move about two miles away.

Maybelle Ingalls from Franklin expects to spend the 29th in North Attleboro as the guest of Miss Sophia Horman.

It seems as though Leon doesn't know how to dance with anyone except Rosie B.

Bachelor's telephone comes in kind of handy sometimes, especially when Kimber wants to speak with Maybelle from across the way.

Lucinda M. says she could just put her arms around Leon M.'s neck and hug him, he looks so much like her baby brother.

To some it means great suffering, but to Leon Mayshaw it is a pleasure to have a.... "Boyle!"

One thing sure, Gene Manchester didn't have to buy "out-size" stockings for the Polo Game.

There was a "chewing contest" last week in which Mamie McCarthy won all the honors.

Gene Manchester and Eva Con-tois are thinking of entering a "double-ring" circus this spring.

I went into Hall's store for some flower seeds, but couldn't buy any Sweet William as Hattie Coombs had taken them all for her garden.

For the first time, Frank Brown realized he was past "forty" when he couldn't ride a Kiddie-Kar at the Polo Game as he expected.